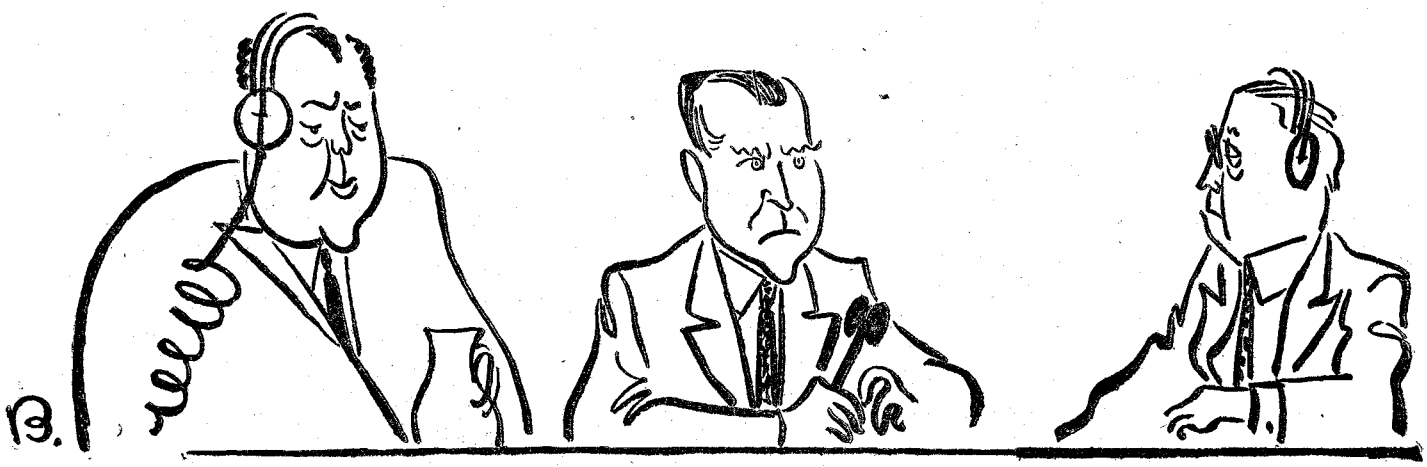
Surrender to Franco—*Willard Shelton*

THE Nation

August 12, 1950

Into a Russian Trap?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY



Japan Won't Take Sides

BY THOMAS C. SMITH

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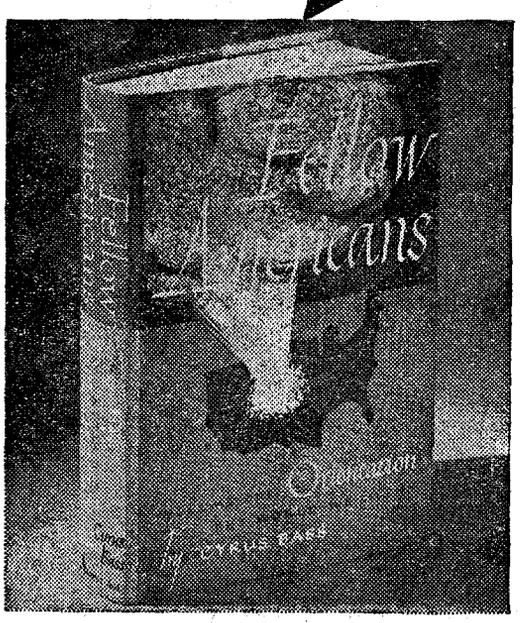

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 171 · NEW YORK · SATURDAY · AUGUST 12, 1950 · NUMBER 7

The Shape of Things

NO COURT IN THE UNITED STATES IS MORE highly respected than the Court of Appeals of the Second Circuit, and no federal judge has a greater reputation among liberals for breadth of view and careful thinking than Judge Learned Hand. On these accounts, his opinion supporting the decision of the court that the Smith act is constitutional in its application to the convicted Communist leaders deserves careful study by those opponents of Communism who, like the editors of *The Nation*, have expressed the hope that the court would find the act unconstitutional. Judge Hand, it will be noted by the careful reader, does not uphold the Smith act in all its possible application. The courts, he argues, can and should limit it, but the offense of Mr. Dennis and company would still remain within its scope if its application were constitutionally limited. The Communists, he believes, do constitute a "real and present danger" in the true meaning of the words. Not because they use reason to persuade, but because, in effect, they do not rely on persuasion—because they are a well organized conspiracy in a dangerous world situation "demanding of all an inflexible doctrinal orthodoxy"—they must be outlawed. "Our democracy," writes Judge Hand, "like any other must meet that faith and that creed on the merits, or it will perish; and we must not flinch at the challenge. Nevertheless, we may insist that the rules of the game be observed, and the rules confine the conflict to weapons drawn from the universe of discourse."

*

IF WE INTERPRET THE OPINION CORRECTLY, this decision is not intended to be a restriction on even the most radical speech or on genuinely democratic political action. We hope that it will not be used as a precedent for suppressing liberty through the persecution of unpopular views. We regret, however, that the court has so little confidence in the ability of this country to resist conspiracy based on untruth that it has handed the Communists so powerful a propaganda weapon as the solemn affirmation that they constitute a serious danger to our institutions, and that anyone henceforth who wishes to propagate Communist doctrine must do so in defiance of the law. The final word on this subject must, of course, be spoken by the Supreme Court, which can still decide that while there may be danger at large, it is not "clear or present."

*

WITH OBVIOUS RELUCTANCE AND A SENSE of fury, Leopold of the Belgians has finally consented to a statute which would transfer royal powers to Crown Prince Baudouin, but he acted only after his insistence on clinging to the throne had brought the Belgian people to the brink of civil war. His published statements, even after he had formally accepted what amounted to a people's ultimatum, revealed his rage that the Social Christian (Catholic) government had yielded to the pressure of strikes and demonstrations by Socialists and workers. Every syllable encouraged counter-demonstrations and further public disorder, and there were apparently no lengths to which Leopold would not go for the empty pleasure of occupying a throne where he was not wanted. But the workers had already made it clear that Belgium's life as a nation depended on his departure. A king cannot reign in a constitutional democracy when nearly half the people thoroughly reject his leadership and when the feeling is so strong that the uprisings of protest come spontaneously from the rank and file. Because of Leopold's stubbornness, it appears that the constitutional crisis he provoked by his ill-advised attempt to return to power may not be ended before Parliament completes action on the statute transferring the royal prerogatives to Baudouin, and the wounds of civil conflict may fester for years. The Belgians will be fortunate if they can get rid of their repudiated monarch at no more serious cost.

*

THE WESTERN TIP OF AMERICA'S MOST vulnerable outpost lies fifty-six short miles across the Bering Straits from Soviet Siberia. Our military defenses are so inadequate in Alaska at this critical moment that army authorities have decided to entrust the primary defense of the territory's 26,000 miles of coastline to Eskimo scout battalions. The native hunters, trappers, fishermen, and guides who serve in these units will be hard-bitten, experienced, self-reliant men, and in our own best interest we will certainly want to give them no

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Drawing by Oscar Berger

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Editor and Publisher: Freda Kirchwey
Executive Editor: Harold C. Field
Foreign Editor J. Alvarez del Vayo — *Literary Editor* Margaret Marshall
Associate Editor: Robert Bendiner
Financial Editor: Keith Hutchison
Washington Editor: Willard Shelton
Drama: Joseph Wood Krutch — *Music:* B. H. Haggin
Assistant Editor: Jerry Tallmer — *Copy Editor:* Gladys Whiteside
Assistant Literary Editor: Caroline Whiting
Staff Contributors
Carey McWilliams, Reinhold Niebuhr, Maxwell S. Stewart, J. King Gordon, Ralph Bates, Andrew Roth

Business & Advertising Manager: Hugo Van Arx
Director of Nation Associates: Lillie Shultz

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cause for dissatisfaction with what we like to call "the democratic way of life." For this reason, among many others, the sooner Alaska is allowed to join the United States, the stronger we shall be. (And the same holds true, of course, *vis à vis* Hawaii.) The flood of new Congressional business which was a necessary concomitant of the explosion in Korea has shoved the already much-delayed Alaska–Hawaii statehood bills somewhat to the side, but as this was written there was still a likelihood that they might unexpectedly arrive on the Senate floor in the near future. If and when they do come up, we trust that enlightened members of the Senate will launch a drive to remove one section of the legislation pertaining to Alaska which in itself can undo all the good that the parent measure seeks to accomplish. Known as the "anti-reservation clause," it would deprive the aboriginal peoples—Aleut, Eskimo, and Indian—of lands and resources that have been theirs since an act of Congress in 1936 fulfilled a promise made in the Alaskan Treaty of Cession in 1867. This dangerous clause is supported by absentee (that is, United States) timber, fishing, canning, and mining interests. If it remains in the bill, the democratic way of life will lose most of its attraction for those on whom we must rely as our "eyes and ears" in Alaska.

✶

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE LEDGER, and at the other end of the Pacific, we have granted American citizenship and "the greatest practicable measure of local self-government" to the 27,000 inhabitants of Guam—a step which is as wholesome as it was overdue. Last week President Truman signed the organic act transferring the island's administration from the navy to the Department of Interior, and in November, after fifty-two years of government by the admirals, Guamanians will elect their own legislature. A former Washington newspaperman has taken over as civil governor. All of which augurs well for the future of Guam and, perhaps more important, for the credit rating of the United States among the millions of men and women in former colonies who today have their eyes set on freedom.

✶

PRESIDENT TRUMAN MUST HAVE BEEN surprised at the strong sentiment in Congress, Republican as well as Democratic, for granting him more power to control prices than he had asked for. Could this be the same Congress that ditched price control in 1946 and since then has consistently refused to delegate to him many of the anti-inflationary measures he has requested? The voters, one may infer, are heartily against inflation, and are ready to resort to the most sweeping and prompt measures to prevent it. They elected Mr. Truman in 1948 as a protest against the "do-nothing"

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Congress. The voters, as usual, are right, and the President should follow their lead. Our economy, already on the brink of inflation when the extraordinary military expenditures loomed up before us, cannot afford to temporize with rising prices. If the controls are made unnecessary because there proves to be an abundance of civilian supplies, no harm will have been done, but if the worst fears are fulfilled, we ought to be pre-armed in the market as well as in the field.

*

IN AN ELECTION YEAR WHICH THUS FAR has brought little joy to the Administration, Mr. Truman is probably fortunate that Missouri's voters turned down Emery Allison, his personally indorsed candidate for the Senate, and nominated Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. Allison's record in the state senate made him vulnerable, and Mr. Truman's indorsement of him has never been adequately explained. Hennings has a better record and a better chance to win solid labor support in November, and in the primary he ran surprisingly well in rural districts that were supposed to be solidly pro-Allison. It seems reasonably possible that he can beat Senator Forrest Donnell, a maddeningly conscientious Republican who almost always votes with the Taft wing of the G. O. P. In the Tennessee primary, the most significant result was the return to power of B. Carroll Reece, former Congressman and National Committee chairman, who not only won nomination for his old First District seat but also succeeded in advancing a victorious candidate against Representative John Jennings, Jr., in the Second District. Jennings had allied himself with the Dewey forces in 1948, and his defeat means that Reece and the pro-Taft group have regained control of the Tennessee Republican organization—including, presumably, control of the selection of delegates to the Republican national convention in 1952. In Kansas, former Governor Alf Landon's bid for a new day in the sun was defeated when Governor Frank Carlson won the Republican nomination for Senator and put across his own candidate for governor. Landon, the worst-beaten Republican presidential candidate in history, no longer has any influence in his own state even as behind-the-scenes king maker.

*

THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE* HAS DISCOVERED A unique violation of academic freedom at the University of Illinois: Professor Ralph H. Blodgett, an economist, has been "forced out" because his views are "too conservative"! The *Tribune* does not undertake this crusade merely to bring Dr. Blodgett back to Urbana. Its real purpose is to "get" Dean Howard R. Bowen of the College of Commerce and Dr. Everett E. Hagen, Chairman of the Economics Department, both of whom are on the *Tribune's* list of Keynesians—that is, heretics. The World's Greatest Newspaper is particularly angry about Dr. Hagen's recent statement that "if we balanced the budget now . . . we would have at least eight million unemployed." Dr. Bowen is charged with the radical belief that capitalism diverts "too little capital into the production of social goods." In a lengthy editorial the *Tribune* warns: "If Bowen is a friend of capitalism, then heaven save capitalism from its friends! If Hagen's doctrines are economics, then there is serious question whether economics ought to be taught at the state university." To which we would add: if the Chicago *Tribune* is a defender of academic freedom, heaven save teachers from their defenders!

Into a Russian Trap?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Paris, August 6

WHETHER or not Great Britain and Norway acted under pressure from the United States, their refusal to support Mr. Malik's attempt to expel Dr. Tsiang from the Security Council resulted in a tactical defeat for the Russians. But it can hardly be regarded as more than that. Both countries have recognized Communist China, and by that act have justified the replacement of Dr. Tsiang by a representative of Peking. It was Malik's attempt to accomplish this necessary change by presidential fiat and to link it directly with the issue of Korea that provided the British and Norwegian members with a reason to vote against him. Mr. Sunde, however, pointed out that he would be glad to see the question of China's admission raised at a later stage, without reference to Korea. This may prove more important when the question of Formosa comes up, as it is sure to before many days have passed. So sharp has been the reaction against the American policy on Formosa that some observers here and in Geneva look for a break in the Western ranks over that issue unless Mr. Malik's tactics meanwhile provide a strong enough counter-irritant.

This, of course, they may do. By predicating his demand for a "peaceful settlement" of the Korean conflict on the explicit charge that the United States was the aggressor, Malik has weakened his case even among persons and governments that would have welcomed any plausible move to end the war. Had he not, in fact, adopted this false and preposterous premise, he could have put the United States and its backers in a most

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awkward position. For no one has charged Russia with aggression, and Malik might have returned to the Security Council in the guise of the apparently disinterested peacemaker. There are plenty of weak places in the American strategy which he could have exploited to advantage. Even his lopsided peace plan calling for a cease-fire and withdrawal of foreign troops would have sounded better had he not preceded it with an accusation that impugned the good faith not only of the United States but of the Security Council itself.

But the reason for Malik's behavior is probably a simple one. He is not so much trying to bring about a settlement or to get Communist China into the United Nations or even to crack the Western bloc as to persuade Asia that the United States is opposed to peace and, indeed, is prepared to wage war wherever imperialist interests conflict with the aspirations of the Asiatic peoples. By insisting cynically upon America's aggressive role in Korea and linking this with our stand on Formosa, Indo-China, and China itself, he may present a picture of imperialism in action whose flaws will be the less apparent because we ourselves have contributed so generously to its broad composition. Even our friends may be divided when they find themselves faced with the probable consequences of the American blockade of Formosa.

Meanwhile, the Korean war will go on. And whether the North Koreans succeed in driving the United States–United Nations armies off the peninsula or the tide turns and we begin a slow grinding reconquest of the territory lost, the immense concentration of force in that single unstrategic area will limit our ability to commit men and material in the other areas we have promised to defend. And more and more, as the struggle draws out, we shall be denounced for acts of destruction which are the brutal commonplace of every counter-offensive but which will outrage the feelings of Koreans, north and south alike. Already, our bombing attacks on power and industrial plants have been effectively used against us by North Korean propaganda. Other Asian peoples view with almost equal horror methods of warfare that destroy such precious installations. This, indeed, is one of the factors that have lent weight throughout Asia to Nehru's efforts at mediation—efforts which the United States for political reasons, if no better, should have treated far more seriously than it did.

All this obviously helps offset the effect of Malik's harsh and untrue charges. At least in Asia, his peace proposals will be given respectful attention. As a member of the Security Council, India may be forced to vote against them since they treat the fighting in Korea as a civil war. Its feeling will be only partly with the West, for beyond Korea India sees the threat of a Chinese-American war over Formosa. Nehru, I am told, regards the danger as so imminent that he intends to work unceasingly to get China into the United Nations and to end the Korean fighting before irreparable harm can be done. His position has won the unanimous support of the Indian Parliament. It has been clearly explained to the Peking government. In fact, Nehru has emerged as the chief spokesman in Asia—and the chief hope—of a peaceful solution of a struggle which is not likely to end in the mountains of Korea.

Today's papers report that one of Mr. Harriman's assignments in Japan is to persuade General MacArthur to leave politics to the civil authorities. This is good news, if true, but no *ex post facto* remonstrances can possibly wipe out the harm done by MacArthur's plain implication that Nationalist China and the United States are now comrades in arms fighting the Reds. Even if he made these statements quite on his own, as is here generally believed, the result is no better. General MacArthur is supposed to represent the United Nations in the present conflict, yet during his brief stay in Formosa he provided Mr. Malik with evidence, which Mr. Austin can hardly dispute, that America's Formosa action is part and parcel of the Korean war. He also undermined the theory that our purpose is purely to neutralize the island; MacArthur spoke glibly of the "effective coordination" of his and General Chiang's forces. This theory has been further damaged by Chiang's resumption of bombing and blockading the Chinese mainland and by the fact that at least one United States fighter unit has been established on Formosa since MacArthur's visit.

The only likely outcome of such provocation is war—and war which neither the United States nor China can possibly want or gain anything from. However innocently we stepped into it, our position today is so vulnerable, both legally and morally, as to give us no basis for rallying support anywhere. The only country that could gain an advantage from a Chinese-American war is Russia. It is not enough to call off MacArthur. We should welcome any friendly efforts, whether from India or Britain or the Security Council itself, to extricate us from a horrible and wholly unnecessary mess.

[*Answer on page 153*]

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The Surrender to Franco

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, August 3

WHEN President Truman met his advisers yesterday morning after the Senate had voted a $100,000,000 "loan" to Franco's Spain, one of them quoted Elmer Davis as having called the measure a "Christmas present" to Russian propagandists. Mr. Truman indicated his agreement with the radio commentator, and at his news conference today he publicly expressed a hope that the Senate would reverse itself. Less than three hours later, by the same 65-to-15 vote as that for the "loan," the Senate slapped down the President by defeating Senator Kilgore's motion to reconsider. The Democratic floor leader, Senator Lucas of Illinois, defiantly defended the gift to Franco as a "good deal" and added that he didn't care what "anybody" said about it. The incident was typical of a week in which the Administration seemed almost to lose liaison with its legislative majorities. Congress, in its mounting excitement about the Korean conflict and its confusion about the economic control of mobilization, was apparently ready to strike hands with any reaction, foreign or domestic, that could be labeled anti-Communist.

There was a chance, pending final action on the omnibus appropriation bill, that the Administration might be able to block passage of the Spanish amendment in the House of Representatives. But the House last year expressed itself as favoring a Spanish "loan," and the Senate vote today, restating its overwhelming judgment, weakened the Administration's tactical position. In any case, much of the damage to the American cause has been done. Explain it as we may, the Socialists and trade unionists in Western Europe cannot but be appalled by the Senate's action, while the Soviets' emissaries in China and Southeast Asia, already charging that American diplomacy is "imperialistic" and reactionary, will rejoice in the windfall of a Senate vote to hand $100,000,000 to the most despotic regime in the Western world.

Credit for Franco's victory goes to his paid lobbyists here, to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who want American bases in Spain, to the cotton Senators, whose urgent desire is to unload our surplus cotton by lending Franco the money to buy it, and to the Catholic church, some sections of which have exerted tremendous pressure. A few Senators whose outlook is usually liberal voted for the loan out of completely non-political motives, convinced, as they have frankly stated, that we need "all the assistance" we can get, from any country, in our struggle with the Soviets. But nearly all the twenty—thirteen Democrats and seven Republicans—who changed over this week from their positions of last April 27, when a $50,000,000 Spanish loan was rejected, face hard reelection fights this year. Some of the Democrats have been shivering with apprehension that Joe McCarthy's charges of Communist infiltration would damage their chances; some Administration stalwarts preferred not to risk being accused of refusing to help that splendid anti-Communist, Francisco Franco.

As usual, rationalizations were offered. Britain and France have increased their trade with Franco, it was argued, and it was therefore "unrealistic" for us to hold aloof. When it was pointed out that British and French trade with Spain is on a strictly commercial basis, involving neither long-term credits nor gifts, the answer came that nevertheless the United States should deal with Spain exactly as with other countries and give Franco dollars to "stabilize the Spanish economy." The fact is that Spain has not previously received an Export-Import Bank loan for only one reason: such a loan made no commercial sense. Spanish spokesmen could not show that modest economic reforms had been made or that even a small pilot loan could be repaid. Alternatives have been tentatively suggested—that the United States send wheat to feed the Spanish people, or that a general economic reconstruction project be undertaken through the United Nations, with its administration kept out of the hands of Franco's sticky-fingered functionaries. But the Senate preferred the blank-check method, and Franco's lobbyists here and his claque in Madrid can pride themselves that they have proved more powerful than the President himself.

The failure of the Senate Democratic leadership to consult or warn Mr. Truman in advance is explained on the ground that the Spanish amendment was brought up suddenly, that its sponsor, Senator McCarran, had the votes to win, and that the best "deal" which could be made was the modification which placed Franco's $100,000,000 over and above general ECA appropriations. In reality, the Democratic leadership had no stomach for the fight. The pressures—military, political, and clerical—were too severe. The revolt of the Belgian workers against Leopold, whose sins were petty compared to Franco's, apparently had no meaning for the Senate. Nor did the Senate worry about the danger that the European democracies, already apprehensive of another occupation and liberation, might gag at a political-economic move suggesting that we plan a base of operations behind the Pyrenees.

Mr. Truman, it must be reported, may be forced to fight a rear-guard action with his own Congress on several issues, now that the hatred of communism has be-

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come so undiscriminating that the Senate can embrace *El Caudillo*. Senator Lucas has previously reflected the President's opposition to the Mundt-Nixon Communist-control bill, and Mr. Truman is determined to veto the measure if it comes to his desk, but whether he can hold his own party members in line now seems questionable. There is a persistent report that the Hobbs bill, to place undeportable "subversive" aliens in concentration camps, may be forced to a Senate vote. The President has repeatedly stated that he wants no alien and sedition laws, but the liberal Senate bloc which is prepared to stand up and be counted against repressive legislation at home, as well as repressive governments abroad, is shrinking in size.

The President's bold stroke in Korea, taken as a deliberate gamble and on his own responsibility, deserved to be reinforced by enlightened action in Congress to strengthen America's psychological leadership of the world's democracies. The bills to spend more money for arms are certain to pass; the importance of psychological leadership seems to have been lost sight of.

Japan Won't Take Sides

BY THOMAS C. SMITH

THERE is more to the recent brush between American soldiers and Japanese Communists than meets the eye. For the past six months Japanese restiveness under the Occupation has been growing at an alarming rate. The episode in the Imperial Plaza and the earlier shouting down of SCAP's educational representative at Tohoku University were simply the first expressions of the new temper that were striking enough to be noticed in the United States.

The increasing unrest is only partly the result of prolonging the Occupation beyond its constructive phase. General MacArthur has repeatedly informed the Japanese that demilitarization and democratization have been completed. It is now past time to do what we must do sooner or later anyway: let the Japanese make American innovations work in their own way if they will. To continue to govern Japan after our claim of a moral right to do so has by our own admission lapsed can only create irritation or worse among a strongly nationalistic people. For example, the financial program which the Japanese were persuaded to adopt by Joseph M. Dodge, General MacArthur's chief economic adviser, came too late (1949) to be accepted either as a consequence of military defeat or as part of democratization, and the hardships that followed its enforcement have aroused resentment against American "interference." It is true that it produced a balanced budget and "sound money," but it also created unemployment, brought arrears in the payment of wages, and placed a frightening tax burden on the economically weak middle class.

A far more powerful force shaping Japanese opinion about the Occupation is fear. Since the announcement of the Russian atomic bomb last September, the presence of American forces in Japan and the possibility that they will remain after a peace treaty has been signed have become sources of almost frantic national anxiety. For months the press and Diet have been obsessed with the related questions of peace and military bases. Every shift in the American political scene, every casual mention of Japan in the American press, is seized upon, squeezed, and tortured for some hint of American intentions. The searching and debate have thrown little light on future American policy, but they have begun to crystallize Japanese opinion on alternative means of security.

There is a rising demand for neutrality—which implies the complete withdrawal of American forces—as the only possible escape from obliteration in another war. A good deal less has been said for incorporation in the American defense system. Premier Yoshida, who is known to be strongly in favor of having the United States retain bases in Japan, has confined himself to stating, after months of heckling in the Diet, that "the occupation of Japan under a security-guaranty system might be thought of."

We can make no more disastrous mistake than to underestimate the strength of the people's desire for neutrality. Even with the existing restraints on the Japanese press, it is clear that a large faction is already actively opposed to granting military bases to the United States. A manifesto issued jointly, on the eve of the House of Councillors election, by all opposition parties in the Diet except the Communists opposed "turning Japan into a military base," approved permanent neutrality, and asked for a guaranty of Japanese security by the United States, Russia, Britain, and China. Such a frank expression of opposition to what is generally believed to be the American wish on a subject is not customary and has for that reason the more weight.

The attitude of organized labor was made very clear on May Day when both right and left wings of labor adopted as a slogan the demand for an "over-all peace,"

THOMAS C. SMITH, assistant professor of Japanese history at Stanford University, has just returned from a year's leave in Tokyo, where he prepared a historical study for the Department of State.

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meaning a peace treaty not providing for American bases. One opinion at the other end of the spectrum was indicated by an editorial in the February 18 issue of the Japanese-language edition of the *Oriental Economist*, roughly the equivalent of the *Wall Street Journal*. While the paper was prepared for a separate peace and thought an American guaranty of Japanese security necessary, it insisted that Japan's neutrality must not be compromised and that therefore American bases should be confined to Okinawa, which was not necessarily Japanese territory, with "Japan proper excused."

Surprisingly, some of the most outspoken opposition to American bases has come from usually pro-American academic circles. Japan's most distinguished and influential educator, President Nambara of Tokyo University, has repeatedly voiced the demand for permanent neutrality. In a formal address delivered in Washington at the end of last year he was emboldened by the strength of his feelings on the subject to say that Japan would refuse to take sides in the event of war between the United States and Russia. "The Peace Problem Discussion Group," whose membership roll reads like a "Who's Who" of university professors, issued a statement last January that must rate as the most unambiguous yet. After insisting on a general peace and permanent neutrality, the declaration concluded with an expression of "absolute opposition to granting military bases to any nation for any reason whatsoever."

The recent House of Councillors election did not result in a mandate for American bases, as is widely believed in the United States. Premier Yoshida's Liberal Party emerged with a plurality, to be sure, but it won only 76 seats out of 250, and it should be remembered that during the campaign the Liberals avoided explicitly identifying themselves with the grant of bases. On the other hand, the Socialists, who made opposition to American bases their chief plank, won 61 seats and became the second largest party in the upper house, despite the handicap of recent factional splits. To the Socialist vote should be added that of the Democrats (29 seats), Farmers' Cooperative (3), Labor-Farmers (5), and Communists (4), all of whom have announced opposition to military bases. The remaining 72 seats are spread among independents and the *Ryokufukai* (conservatives), whose position on the question is not clear but who generally support Yoshida.

THE rising popular demand to escape entanglement in the struggle between the United States and Russia presents American policy in Japan with its gravest problem since the beginning of the Occupation. We must decide whether strategic or political considerations are to prevail in deciding Japan's future status, for we cannot have both military bases and reliable support from the Japanese people. The invasion of South Korea will inevitably postpone the decision, but it does not change the nature of the problem. Ultimate American success in Korea cannot give the Japanese security from atomic attack, and our initial military ineffectiveness there may cause doubts of our ability even to defend Japan against invasion. Nor will events in Korea allay fears that too close a dependence on the United States will cut off Japan from economic access to China.

The movement for neutrality is not yet anti-American, but it will become so if we choose to ignore it; already Tokyo newspapers are warning the public that neutrality sentiment is tending dangerously in that direction. The truth we must face is that the Japanese people are so vulnerable to attack from the air that they will not willingly risk taking sides in a struggle between Russia and ourselves. If we demand the lease of military bases as the price of a peace treaty, or continue the Occupation indefinitely to avoid doing so, we shall create a Japanese nationalist movement that will also be anti-American.

Obviously, Japanese nationalism cannot drive us from military positions we are determined to hold. But judging from present indications, it will be strong enough to force us into policies that will have serious political disadvantages. We shall be forced, at best, to interfere continually in Japanese politics to assure the dominance of pro-American elements; at worst, to resort to outright suppression of opposition. In either case our intervention will strengthen anti-American sentiment and embarrass our attempts to place ourselves on the side of nationalism in Asia.

No less costly to us in Asia will be the allies forced on us in Japan. If American military bases are allowed to become the great issue dividing Japanese opinion, the attitude of Japanese groups toward them must become for us the supreme test of political reliability. Since the most progressive elements in Japanese politics are already committed to opposition, we shall inevitably be thrown back on supporting what remains—people who have been consistently hostile to Occupation reforms but receptive to the idea of American bases. Most of Japan's former leaders fall in this category. It may be that the democratization of Japan has already been written off in Washington as a luxury, but there must be concern over openly supporting people who were intimately associated with Japan's aggressive past.

The principal argument for retaining our present bases with or without a treaty—that Japan cannot otherwise be preserved from communism—makes little sense. By creating a popular anti-American movement our insistence on bases is more likely to *help* the Japanese Communists. The economic and social measures of the Occupation, not the presence of American forces in Japan, have kept the Japanese Communists impotent, and the continuation of economic aid is crucial for the future.

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The Communists could scarcely seize power against an unfriendly public and a stable government, both of which we can guarantee by maintaining tolerable living standards in Japan. In any case what is needed against this danger is an adequate Japanese gendarmerie. We have not used American forces to maintain public order in Japan in the past, and we shall not have to do so in the future unless American policy has failed disastrously.

Russian occupation of Japan will not, as some fear, follow our military withdrawal to Okinawa, particularly if withdrawal is accompanied by a guaranty of Japan's security—unless, of course, the Soviet Union is both ready and eager for war. We might be justified in disregarding Japanese opinion on the question of bases if war with Russia were imminent, but no one in a position to guess intelligently has suggested that we have reached that pass. Despite the invasion of South Korea it seems more likely that we are in for a long period of competition for influence in Asia, in which political factors will weigh heavily, perhaps decisively. We must, then, be very wary of incurring actual political losses for potential strategic advantages.

Toward Real Fraternity

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE agitation against racial discrimination in college fraternities and sororities acquires significance as a portent of changing attitudes and ideologies when one considers the extent and influence of the fraternity and sorority system. In 1950 there were 2,786 organized chapters at more than 250 colleges and universities, with an initiated membership of 1,250,000 and property holdings valued at $100,000,000.

Fraternities, in the modern sense, originated at Union College in 1825-27. For some time they functioned more or less clandestinely, for there was a strong national sentiment against "secret societies" of all kinds. The turning point came—and the date is significant—in the 1880's, when President Emerson E. White of Purdue University, who had prohibited fraternities, was forced to resign after the Indiana Supreme Court had ruled against such prohibitions. The decision was, in effect, an extension of the "separate but equal" doctrine which the United States Supreme Court developed about this time to rationalize discrimination and to nullify the "equal protection" clause.

From 1885 to the turn of the century about twenty-five old-line social fraternities exercised undisputed social dominance and considerable political influence on the more important American campuses, particularly at the old and exclusive colleges of the Northeast. But after 1900 the number of colleges and the size of the collegiate population increased so rapidly that many so-called "upstart" fraternities came into being. If this movement continued, it was apparent that a point would soon be reached beyond which there would be no distinction in belonging to a social fraternity. Fraternities also began to be subjected to heavy fire on various moral counts and became such a problem in high schools that school boards undertook to ban them. To cope with these matters and to consolidate the social power of the fraternity system, the National Interfraternity Conference was formed in 1909. After the turn of the century "separate" Negro and Jewish fraternities and sororities were organized, as well as one or two that were exclusively Catholic.

Although there was a minor, abortive revolt in the 1920's, the first real protest against the discriminations of the fraternity system was formulated in April, 1946. It was occasioned by a ruling of the Board of Trustees of Amherst that fraternities would have to remove all discriminatory language from their constitutions by February, 1951, or forfeit campus privileges. Delta Tau Delta, because of this ruling, refused its local Amherst chapter permission to reopen after the war. Thereupon the members of the chapter turned in its charter and reorganized on a local basis. A year later the Amherst local of Phi Kappa Psi pledged Thomas Gibbs, a Negro, and refused to withdraw the pledge. Phi Psi's national organization then suspended the charter of the Amherst local. The incident received nation-wide notice, partly because it coincided with the release of the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights in the fall of 1947.

In May, 1946, the University of Vermont chapter of Alpha Xi Delta, a national sorority, got into difficulties with its parent organization by pledging a Negro girl. The national organization was represented by David Embury, then president of the National Interfraternity Conference. Asked for his explanation of the chapter's desire to take in a Negro girl, Mr. Embury replied: "Shall I answer that bluntly? At the present time there is a great deal of agitation in two fields. In the first place, there are the fair-employment practices in the commercial field. Then there are certain agitators who

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CAREY McWILLIAMS, one of The Nation's *staff contributors, is the author of "A Mask for Privilege," "California, the Great Exception," and other books.*

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are trying to carry them over to other fields." This notion that "subversive" forces were behind the agitation against discrimination in the fraternity system, which was the main theme of the defenders of the system, was given formal statement by Dr. H. E. Stone of the University of California at the 1946 annual meeting of the Interfraternity Conference.

Shortly after the Phi Psi board ousted the Amherst unit for pledging a Negro, the Conference met in New York, debated the question at some length, and finally refused to take action against discrimination. "If bow-legged men want to form a group," said one delegate, "they have a right to form such a group and let the straight-legged men and the knock-kneed men form their group." At this meeting Mr. Embury confessed: "I love the discriminating tongue, the discriminating eye, and the discriminating ear, and, above all, the discriminating mind and soul. The person for whom I can find no love and no respect is the indiscriminate person. To be indiscriminate is to be common, to be vulgar."

DESPITE this scathing dictum the agitation continued. On April 20, 1948, twenty-four intercultural and interracial fraternities which had been organized on various campuses held a conference at Roosevelt College in Chicago and formed Beta Sigma Tau, a new-style fraternity with no discriminatory barriers. Beta Sigma Tau attracted wide attention, and the ferment against discrimination was intensified. But when the National Interfraternity Conference met in New York on November 28, 1948, the delegates voted to defer action on the issue until the following year. At this meeting Mr. Embury, who was presiding, asked for a show of hands from those who favored "inter-color fraternities and also consider intermarriage between races." At this point he was interrupted by a delegate who said, "We're running fraternities, not families."

Throughout 1949 the agitation increased. At the University of Wisconsin an all-white fraternity pledged a Negro. Girls from thirteen universities met at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to form Pi Beta Sigma, a new college sorority open to all races. Over 1,000 delegates to the National Student Association convention, meeting in Illinois, urged colleges to ban new student groups that discriminated on racial, religious, or political grounds. Alpha Phi Alpha, the first all-Negro fraternity, formed at Cornell University in 1909, voted to admit white students; and Chi Delta Mu, at Howard University, broke a thirty-three-year precedent by admitting a white student to membership. The members of Phi Alpha Delta, a legal fraternity, by a vote of 1,645 to 1,198 refused to delete the word "Caucasian" from the membership clause. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology chapter of Alpha Chi Sigma, a national chemistry fraternity, surrendered its charter in protest against the limitation of membership to "non-Semitic members of the Caucasian race." This fraternity, founded in 1902, with 10,000 members, had added the discriminatory clause in the 1920's when the Ku Klux Klan agitation was at its height. At Yale, Phi Delta Phi, one of the old-line legal fraternities, voted to remove from its constitution a clause restricting membership "to males of the Aryan race." At Middlebury College the local interfraternity council voted to request all campus organizations to level discriminatory barriers by 1952. And the Dartmouth College interfraternity council set up a caucus of delegates from twelve Northeastern colleges to battle for the elimination of discriminatory provisions.

At the insistence of delegates from the Northeastern colleges—where the fraternity system had started—the National Interfraternity Conference, on November 26, 1949, by a vote of thirty-six to three, with nineteen delegates not voting, finally reversed its earlier position and urged all affiliated bodies to remove restrictive provisions. Next, Harvard's Student Council adopted a resolution denying campus privileges to any organization that practiced discrimination on the ground of "race, color, or nationality." On February 16, 1950, the Columbia interfraternity council, which had refused to take a stand on the issue in 1948, voted to urge its members to remove "as soon as possible" all discriminatory membership clauses. Among the delegates voting in favor of the resolution were representatives of Phi Kappa Psi, from whose Columbia chapter David G. McConnell, a senior student, had resigned in protest against the Amherst incident.

To make it unanimous, so to speak, Phi Sigma Delta, a national Jewish social fraternity with 6,000 members, voted on December 30, 1949, to open its membership to all races, creeds, and colors; and on July 25, 1949, a Negro fraternity, Omega Psi Phi, formed in 1911, adopted an interracial policy. Worth noting, also, is the fact that seven Negro fraternities and sororities have recently formed the National Council on Human Rights and have agreed to contribute $3,000 each to help in the fight against discrimination. On February 21, 1950, delegates from seventeen colleges met at Cornell to form a national intercultural and interracial organization which in function roughly parallels the National Interfraternity Conference. At this meeting a delegate from Colgate University expressed an idea basic to the three-year agitation against discrimination in the fraternity system: "If there is no room for democracy in a fraternity, then there is no room for that fraternity in a democracy."

True, the verbal victory finally won after three years of agitation is not of shattering importance. But the fact that a movement of this kind could make such rapid progress is a convincing indication that American public opinion has begun to change on "the racial issue."

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MAN BITES DOG

BY JERRY TALLMER

LACK of space in the last issue compelled me to postpone this follow-up to the column of July 29 which examined the *malaise* so evident in certain reactionary-isolationist journals and journalists since the outbreak of hostilities in Korea. I turn now to the dreary cloud-cuckoo land of the New York *Daily Worker*, where—to quote the New York *Post*—"peace is war, white is black, and aggression is self-defense." Not only have the harried editors of the *Worker* had to rewrite daily history as never before and to hammer together the bursting slats of a *Weltanschauung* teeming with inner contradictions, but they have had to tackle the particularly difficult and delicate job of saying *au revoir* to a number of important old friends.

The *Worker's* version of the war is, of course, *Pravda's* and *Izvestia's* version—only more so. The *Current Digest of the Soviet Press* for July 22 presents full translations of all that Soviet newspapers carried on Korea during the first week of the fighting, and after carefully comparing this material with corresponding issues of the *Worker*, I have decided (a) that the tone of the Russian papers has been a great deal less inflammatory and (b) that much of their early Korean coverage came through Thirteenth Street, New York City. As outstanding evidence of (b) I submit a *Pravda* dispatch of June 29 by Yu. Korolkov, writing from Berlin:

> Before me lies a revealing document—a photograph made in Southern Korea by an A. P. correspondent before the treacherous attack by Syngman Rhee's gang. . . . The foreground of the picture clearly shows the figure of one of the warmongers, John Foster Dulles. . . . He is standing in a clearly outlined trench and [discussing] future war operations [with his aides]. . . . As you look at the photograph you can understand what the conversation was about.

Clearly. Now this photograph, which appeared in many American newspapers on or shortly after June 21, was almost the first thing the *Worker* seized upon as ammunition in its war on common sense. The first post-hostilities issue of the *Worker*—Monday, June 26—tied together the "rightist attack" and Dulles's visit of the week before; the next day's edition carried a front-page box describing the damning photograph and telling how effectively it had been used to procure signatures for the World Peace Appeal. Two days later, as I have noted, the picture made *Pravda* via Berlin. And during the rest of that first week Dulles was repeatedly fingered out by *Pravda* and *Izvestia* as the Machiavelli behind Syngman Rhee's "military adventure." Last week, Malik waved the tired old photo around at Lake Success.

Back home both the *Worker* and the *National Guardian*, publications which I find it difficult to tell apart, have built upon the "evidence" of the Dulles photograph an entire rationale for events in Korea. As follows:

> Dulles and MacArthur decided . . . to push the button for war. . . . Why did the MacArthur-Dulles clique [a clique of two? J. T.] turn to this desperate adventure, with Truman and Acheson dutifully going along? Because the militarist crazy-men are desperate with fear. [*Daily Worker*, June 30.]

Of late the *Worker* has tended to de-emphasize the role of Dulles and to harp on the iniquities of General MacArthur, reaching some sort of a low, I feel—whatever one may happen to think of Dauntless Doug—when it falsely laid at his door the responsibility for the "incineration" of the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, with which he had "crowned his military career." The *Worker's* greatest current problem is to make a smooth blend of its keen joy over the successes, to date, of the "liberation forces" and its deep despair over the assassination of peace. Or quote, peace, unquote.

But there have been other problems, best forgotten quickly. Chief among these, it goes without saying, was the defection of Henry A. Wallace, who in mid-July "abandoned Gideon's army" and "[flew] in the face of facts" by "supporting Wall Street's intervention in Korea." Wallace stepped off the Progressive Party band-wagon on Saturday, July 15. The story made front pages everywhere but in the *Worker*, for its week-end edition was already printed. On Monday morning the *Worker's* lead on its main news page—page three—was the adoption of the Progressive Party platform that Wallace couldn't stomach. This got three large lines of headline. Down below, two small lines announced: "Wallace Deserts His Anti-Imperialist Stand." Neither item rated a headline on the front page. An accompanying editorial was relatively calm; but in its three following issues the *Worker* gave many columns to a vindictive indictment of its one-time peerless leader by Gil Green, Illinois chairman of the Communist Party. "Henry Wallace has descended to shabby jingoism," wrote Mr. Green, among other things. "The waltz to which Trygve Lie and Henry Wallace are dancing . . . is a war dance."

Which takes us to Trygve Lie, who was also a hero to the *Worker*—until June 26. Now he's just a guy who "must learn that the people will not stand for his agreement to atomic murder." The *Worker* is very sad about Mr. Lie, and is given to asking him questions like: "Isn't it clear there would be no fighting whatsoever in Korea if the U. S. invaders left Korea?" The answer to that one, by the way, is yes.

The *Worker* is also very sad about parting company, at least for the moment, with two prominent newspapermen with whom there had often in the past been a meeting of the minds on many subjects—T. O. Thackrey, editor and publisher of the New York *Daily Compass*, and his newspaper's top political columnist, I. F. Stone. Neither Thackrey nor Stone is very enthusiastic about America's role in the present crisis, but both have gone solidly on record as opposing Russia's still more. So they "fully [accept] the imperialist thesis that every struggle for freedom is a 'Moscow move' in the 'cold war.'" They "crawl before the war-makers." A few days after the shooting started, Stone wrote in the *Compass*: "The next move is up to Moscow." This more than anything else got under the *Worker's* skin, and soon thereafter Joseph Clark, a writer on foreign affairs, plaintively asked, "Who's fighting in Korea, Mr. Stone?" No Russians, just us Americans. Therefore, "I. F. Stone is sending his appeal to the wrong address."

Me, I don't think so. But I'm an imperialist warmonger from way back.

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Yugoslavia Reappraised

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

IV. Bosnia and Montenegro

Belgrade

BOSNIA is a land of violence. Here the Partisans fought the Germans, the Italians, and their own Chetnik rivals. Here also the Chetniks fought the Italians and the Germans, whole-heartedly for a while and then no more. Here Chetnik bands murdered Croats; Moslems, whipped up by the Nazis, murdered Serbs; and entire Serbian towns and villages were wiped out by the Ustachi, the Catholic fascists of Croatia, who were the worst of all. As one travels through the austere, rugged countryside of Bosnia and Herzegovina, one comes frequently upon burned-out towns and villages, but the ruins are rapidly giving way to new houses and to a new way of life. The traveler marvels that in a land where the people seem such simple, kindly, hospitable folk so much blood could have flowed. A Serb friend said to me, "There is something unaccountably Balkan in all this, which no one outside the Balkans will ever understand."

For fifty miles south of the Sava it is flat Serbian country, with whitewashed cottages half-hidden among the acacia trees, swarms of children, and lots of pigs and sheep. On Sundays ox carts and horse carts are met on the roads, decorated with flowers, ribbons, and greenery and packed with jovial men and women in bright-colored finery. This, in the main, is not collectivized country, and one wonders how much effect the People's Committees and the National Front Committees really have on the lives of the people. Though the peasants must make heavy food and grain deliveries to the state, they do not live badly. I came upon numerous gatherings where hundreds of them were dancing their *kolo* to the sound of concertinas and drums. In one village a crowd was gazing with wonder at a flimsy little plane circling over the fields spraying some pest-killing fluid.

Beyond Valjevo the hills begin, clothed with vineyards and fruit trees; one might be in southern Germany or central France. After Uzice—where Tito recently declared in a celebrated speech that Yugoslavia would never eat out of the hand of Western capitalism—one enters wilder country. Crossing the turquoise-blue Drina, one arrives at Visegrad, the first town with minarets and black-veiled Moslem women; many Moslem women have abandoned veils and their old chastely flowing robes. Visegrad is almost a completely new town. It was held at one time by Mihailovich's Chetniks and was attacked and destroyed by the Italians.

At Serajevo the Hotel Europa, where we stayed, was very European, dating back to the "good old days" of Austrian rule, which lasted from 1878 to 1918. A few hundred yards away is the Princip Bridge where Gabriel Princip, a young student, assassinated the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife and unleashed World War I. He died of consumption two years later in a Vienna prison and is now a national hero. If you suggest to a Bosnian that Franz Ferdinand was, after all, a relatively enlightened liberal prince who wanted to give the Slavs a square deal and was sharply hostile to the pan-German aims of Berlin, you are answered: "That makes no difference. He represented the occupying power." Incidentally, the history of Bosnia-Herzegovina is now used to disprove the Soviet claim that Imperial Russia was always a good friend to the Balkan Slavs: "What did the Russians ever do to prevent the Austrians from taking over Bosnia and Herzegovina?"

Serajevo has a charm of its own, combining Hapsburg town-planning with the Oriental glamour of its eighty large and small mosques. Much of the "old town," with its narrow smelly streets and tiny shops, is being pulled down. "There is no need for all these small artisans now," it is said; "let them work in factories and make mass-produced articles." Still, I found in the shadow of the great seventeenth-century mosque a diehard old man wearing a fez who was hammering at bits of brass and copper and making little cans for Turkish coffee. In addition to the Hapsburg Serajevo and the Oriental Serajevo there is now the new Serajevo of Tito—dozens of blocks of modern flats, all built in the last two years, new government buildings, and, Serajevo's proudest achievement, its new university with a medical and an engineering faculty.

Bosnia is trying to become an industrial region. It is developing its mines and building new steel mills and hydroelectric works. The going is hard, though. There is a serious shortage of heavy equipment and of skilled workers. At the half-completed great new stadium at Serajevo dozens of peasant lads were pushing wheelbarrows up and down the slopes or doing pick-and-shovel work under the vigilant eye of a "statistician" who wrote down what each team and each individual was doing. They had volunteered for this work partly because they got food and lodging and a chance to see

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ALEXANDER WERTH is one of The Nation's *European correspondents. This is the concluding article of a series on Yugoslavia.*

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something of "city life" and partly because after working hours they were being taught the rudiments of more skilled labor as bricklayers or lorry drivers.

Some 60 per cent of the population of Bosnia is Moslem, but these Moslems are mostly of pure Slav stock, having been converted to Islam during the centuries of Turkish rule. The older people still observe the traditional religious customs. Many young men, nominal Moslems, are to be found in industry, in government offices, in National Front Committees, and in the medical school. And yet it was not so long ago that the Mufti of Jerusalem, on instructions from the Nazis, came to Serajevo and proclaimed a holy war against the Serbs. Two divisions of Bosnian Moslems were formed and, along with the Catholic Ustachi from Croatia, were guilty of unspeakable horrors. Other Moslems joined the Partisans. One suspects that below the surface in Bosnia hot embers of hatred and resentment still smolder. One of the great achievements of the Tito regime is that it has smothered these embers, though they would no doubt flare up again into a murderous blaze if Yugoslavia became involved in a major war.

With fifty years of peace it is believed that Yugoslavia could become a solidly united nation. The very considerable though not perfect unity that exists today reflects the consciousness of a common economic task and the widespread feeling of resentment against Russia.

ON THE journey into Montenegro we drove through the famous delta land of Popovo Polje, the richest area of the Adriatic coast. Here had occurred some of the worst massacres of Serbs by the Ustachi. A fellow-passenger recalled an old saying: "When Popovo Polje is red with blood, a new Savior will arise." Some people, he said, thought this "prophecy" foresaw the rise of Tito; did we think it really meant that? A small government official in the company thought that might be the right interpretation, since Serbs and Croats had at least, thanks to Tito, stopped murdering each other.

The country was much like the French or the Italian Riviera, with palm trees, vines, cypresses, olive groves, and prosperous-looking villas. Before long we reached Dubrovnik, the old Ragusa, for centuries the rival of Venice on the Adriatic—a walled city with a magnificent piazza and baroque churches, which looked like a piece of Italy transplanted to Yugoslav soil. Here were hundreds of Serb and Croat trippers, cafes and luxury hotels —though they had little to serve—and even expensive souvenir shops. An old Croat with whom I talked said knowingly that the waiters were all learning English like mad, for they were expecting British and American tourists by the thousand. One wonders, however, how much tourist traffic from the West will materialize.

After spending a night in the almost absurd luxury—for Yugoslavia—of the Argentine Hotel, we drove on to Kotor, the Catarro of Austrian days. This was nominally Montenegro, but to get into the old Montenegrin fastnesses we had to climb for miles up a stony mountain overlooking the fantastic beauty of Kotor Bay and the islands of the Adriatic. At last we reached Cettinje, the "Eagle's Nest," capital of that wily old bird, Nicholas, the last king of Montenegro, whose little country was absorbed in Yugoslavia under the Treaty of Versailles. What an absurd toy capital it must have been, with legations and a court! Cettinje is really little different from any Serbian town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. At the end of its main street is the Grand Hotel, and a little to the side is the royal palace, still decorated with crowns and crests but turned into a national museum. It is one of the most boisterous towns in Yugoslavia; alive with local patriotism. The cafes are noisy, beer and *rakija* are consumed in large quantities, the people are sociable and hospitable. Many of the old men wear broad sashes and little round caps with a red top embroidered with a gold crescent.

We talked to several young fellows from the new technical college. Though they did not lack the high spirits of their fathers, they took the future of their country very seriously and fully supported the Tito regime for the good it was doing in stamping out disease and illiteracy in Montenegro. Four of them later joined us over some bottles of red wine and talked a lot more about technical education in Montenegro and why they were for Tito and not for the Cominform. Finally, noticing that they were being watched by a couple of characters at the next table, they excused themselves and left, wondering no doubt whether it was really wise to talk about such controversial subjects to strangers.

When we arrived at Titograd the next day, we found the town far from being the spectacular new capital of Montenegro to which Tito had consented to give his name. Podogorica, as it used to be called, was wiped out in an R. A. F. raid in May, 1944. A few dozen houses, a department store of sorts, a Town Hall of sorts, and a few government offices have been built on three or four new streets. Most of the government offices are still at Cettinje. After the break with Russia, Yugoslavia had to cut down its more ambitious building projects, and Titograd, with a population of 15,000 living in shockingly bad housing conditions will have to wait many years before it becomes a city of 100,000 as planned. For the present, it must rank as one of the new Yugoslavia's outstanding failures.

It was pleasant to get into the Montenegrin mountains again, away from this scene of horrible war memories and present-day frustration. Niksic, in a plain surrounded by mountains, was as pleasant as Cettinje. Though not rich, the collective farms seemed to be rather efficiently run, and the peasants were a jolly lot. Here we met a fascinating old lady who suddenly ap-

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peared among the peasants wearing a tailor-made gray tweed costume and an "English" cloth cap to match over her white bobbed hair. She spoke beautiful French and Russian, was a school teacher by profession, and had spent her life "dragging her people out of the depths of ignorance and barbarism." "And now?" I asked. She screwed up her wrinkled face a bit, and smiled. "Well," she said, "I am an old woman, and there are lots of things I don't perhaps understand. But I think—yes, I think—that the government is, on the whole, working in the right direction. Sometimes they're very rough, and sometimes they're awfully stupid, but it'll work out all right in the end, I think." Conditions, she said, were not too bad but not too good either. "There's one thing," she added in a whisper, "that's really wicked about the regime: there is *no coffee*." The presence, or absence, of little pleasures, I reflected, has often a profound influence on a people's attitude. It is one of Tito's major problems.

BESIDE THE POINT

THE exploits of Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, always fascinate us, and the latest one is particularly beguiling. The Colonel, as everybody knows, is a great admirer of Ulysses S. Grant. Grant, it will be recalled, saved the Union—in a sort of holding operation pending the arrival upon the scene of Colonel McCormick, who took over the assignment as soon as he was old enough to wield the editorial we and has been saving the Union daily ever since.

Some years ago the Colonel wrote a book entitled simply "Ulysses S. Grant," in which he expressed his admiration for his hero. Now he is about to publish another called "The War Without Grant," which deals with the twenty-one battles of the Civil War in which Grant did *not* participate.

We haven't read the book, but we only needed to see the title to perceive that the Colonel had hit upon an approach to the writing of history which has been so little exploited that it might as well be called new. It has been used before, to be sure. Yet it was not until we read about the Colonel's newest literary venture that we had the wit to realize that the "Iliad"—a compilation by an earlier editor commonly known as Homer—was merely a forerunner of McCormick's book. What's more, it's obvious that Homer, who is said to have been blind, didn't see where he was heading. Otherwise he would certainly have called his book "The [Trojan] War Without Achilles," out of deference to his distinguished successor.

We'd be tempted to suggest to Colonel McCormick that he change the title of his book to "The War Without Ulysses," out of deference to his ancient predecessor, benighted though Homer was and unaware of Whom he was anticipating—except that we have reason to believe, and it is understandable enough, that the editor of the Chicago *Tribune* wouldn't be caught dead deferring to a foreigner and especially to a Greek who wrote in verse of all things.

But all this is by the way. What really excites us is the future possibilities of McCormick's historical method. We look forward to whole libraries of books which would not otherwise have been written. We hope even to hear that McCormick himself is planning a series on all the known wars without Grant and that he has retired from all his other activities in order to complete it before the Grim Reaper (not to be confused with the McCormick-Deering) cuts him down. And thousands of historians will be kept busy writing volumes bearing such titles as "The Napoleonic Wars Without Napoleon," "The American Revolution Without Washington," "World War II Without Eisenhower, Marshall, Clark, Smith, *or* MacArthur" (with a separate volume of course for each missing general). There could be some fine alliterative titles, such as "Waterloo Without Wellington," "Jutland Without Jellicoe," "Stalingrad Without Stalin," "The Battle of the Bulge Without the Bulge"*; and some future Gertrude Stein may be expected to come up with a book called "The War of the Roses Without the Roses Without the Roses."

Who can doubt that generations of historical scholars yet unborn will bless the name of McCormick for calling attention to a practically inexhaustible supply of subject matter which will enable them to leave innumerable footnotes on the sands of time?

And not only historical scholars. For the method can be used in other fields. Here again it must be said that the method, or a variation of it, has already been used in other fields, but, again, only in a haphazard, unwitting way. We are thinking of an item we once saw in the bulletin of the Modern Language Association. Among the papers recorded but not read at the annual meeting of the M. L. A. was one entitled "The Influence of Voltaire on Canadian Literature." The conclusion the writer had come to—it was noted briefly beneath the title—was that Voltaire had had no influence whatever on Canadian literature. But, after all, the "idea" had kept the author busy—and it probably also helped her to get through Canadian literature.

We ourselves have considered writing a work in several volumes and called "World War I, World War II—Not to Mention the Years Before, Between, and After—Without McCormick." But we're afraid it would be so cheerful that we'd be branded utopian and denounced as subversive.

M. M.

* The Bulge is G. I. slang for the General—or ought to be.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Essays and Asides

A GENEROUS PRESENCE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WHEN Carl Van Doren died on July 18 at the age of sixty-four he was known to most people as the author of "Benjamin Franklin" and, more recently, "The Great Rehearsal." Few biographies ever written in this country had been so widely read as the "Franklin," and inevitably his name was linked with it. But Carl—and it was thus that he was known to many, many people throughout the country—was much more than the author of a very solid and very successful book. In private life he was a person—not a "personality"—of whose existence those who knew him were somehow very much aware. Publicly he was that hard to define thing the man of letters, rather than merely the author of certain books. As such he played an important role in the late 'teens and twenties, when the whole spirit of American literature was undergoing a change. Perhaps only those who remember those days and who knew him then can realize just what his stature was.

While teaching in the Graduate School at Columbia, where he had just received his doctor's degree, he became *The Nation's* literary editor, and at both places he made himself felt in much the same way. In the classroom he was the scholar who chose, nevertheless, to make the modern American novel the subject of an extraordinarily popular course. At *The Nation* he managed the shift of emphasis and attitude which transformed the literary department of the paper from the ultra-conservatism of Paul Elmer More to that special brand of informed and judicious liberalism which it has ever since attempted to maintain. Successive editors as well as the processes of time may have modified it slightly, but there has been no revolution since.

Those of us who worked with or wrote for him in those days have never wondered at his subsequent successes. His genial confidence in himself plus his warm liking for other people made an irresistible combination. Many a brush he had with his seniors, but he nearly always won, and there was never any rancor, for whatever difference of opinion might arise over some specific question, no one ever doubted that fundamentally "Carl was right." When certain poems he had accepted were objected to he could say: "If I have to find things pure enough to please O— and simple enough for E— to understand, then we will have no more poetry." But neither O— nor E— minded, and the poems were published.

During early and middle manhood, before he began to devote himself exclusively to writing and lecturing, he held a number of key posts. For a short time he was headmaster of the Brearley School, he was coeditor with Glen Frank of the rejuvenated *Century* magazine, and he was editor-in-chief of the first of the book clubs, the Literary Guild. But no matter in what position he was functioning he was always doing the same thing—defending the right of the new author to be taken seriously by readers, by critics, and by the academic world. Because he was a trained scholar with an encyclopedic knowledge of literary history, no literary conservative could call him irresponsible. But neither could any radical possibly call him stuffy, and hence with the confidence of both parties he was able, more perhaps than any other one man, to persuade his age of something which every age has ultimately to be persuaded of—namely, that a living man may be one who will some day take his place beside the great men of the past even though—perhaps especially if—he does not seem superficially "like" them.

As his intimates knew, Carl had in his life more than his share of unhappiness and of real tragedy. Yet even those who know that well will probably continue to think of him as a splendid, even a resplendent, sort of person to whom the gods had given great gifts. A large, handsome, and imposing man, he immediately inspired both liking and confidence, and it is difficult to say which was the more impressive—the radiance of his youth or the dignity of his later years, when the close-cropped white hair crowning a noble head gave him an air which some thought not a little like that of Franklin himself and which reminded others of an ancient Roman.

Moreover, one was always aware, even more strongly than one was aware of his imposing personality, of a friendliness so great that there was about him no hint of arrogance. That was partly because he was both gregarious and—what does not necessarily follow—overflowing with good-will. Though he worked hard, he loved, like Johnson, to fold his legs and have his talk out. I think he greatly enjoyed the lectures which he gave throughout the country and enjoyed even more the sociability which went with them. But there was also in his character something which went deeper than this, something which, perhaps, can only be stated very simply: he was an extraordinarily generous man.

Once he was challenged to name someone whom he did not like *at all*, and he replied defiantly by citing a very worthy public figure who was also a bore. Perhaps this was not mere bravado. Perhaps he did not *like* that man. But I am sure that he did not hate him, and I cannot remember that I ever heard him speak rancorously of anyone. Rarely—so far as I remember, never—did he agree to review a book which he could not to some extent praise, and he was likely to be the first person to whom any friend went when he was in need of encouragement.

The characteristic vice of the writer is envy, the sneaking sense that someone else's accomplishment detracts from his own. Carl was almost the only writer I ever knew who not only seemed without a trace of it but was always eager that what others did should be fully appreciated. No one ever more

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generously encouraged younger men, and even when he had helped them to succeed he rejoiced in their success. He was genuinely pleased when others wrote well. And if that does not seem remarkable I can assure the reader that it is.

When Carl died, his book on Franklin's sister was in the press. It will be his last, and those others which he did not live long enough to write will be missed. But friends will miss even more a friendly and generous presence. They will find it hard to get along without an accustomed resource. They cannot any longer "go talk to Carl about it."

India's Position

INDIA AND THE UNITED STATES. Political and Economic Relations. By Lawrence K. Rosinger. The Macmillan Company. Published under the Auspices of the American Institute of Pacific Relations. $2.75.

THOUGH Mr. Rosinger's book was written before the Korean crisis developed, it foreshadows India's present official attitude. India's policy in international affairs since independence was obtained on August 15, 1947, has been, first, to develop its own national economic life; second, to support former colonial and other dependent areas in Asia in achieving full independence; third, to repel any encroachment by European powers upon the political and economic rights of Asian countries. These policies have flowed from India's long struggle against British imperialism. Having just won freedom, India has been sensitive, perhaps unduly so, to any suspected threat, direct or indirect, to its national integrity.

Though the traditional cultural attitude and dominant political thinking in India are opposed to communism of the Russian variety, the government has not been willing to take the side of the United States and Britain against the U. S. S. R. The support which the Western powers gave the Dutch in Indonesia, the alignment of the United States with the French and Bao Dai in Indo-China, the failure of these same powers to assist India in the dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir before the United Nations have struck closer home than any action of the Russians. In the case of China, India sees there an effort to eliminate gigantic agrarian evils, which parallel India's own fundamental economic problem. For that reason it quickly recognized the Communist government in China and now urges us to promote that government's membership in the United Nations Security Council. At the same time India has been led, and is being further led, by its economic interests to remain within the Commonwealth—though on paradoxical terms—and through the Commonwealth to maintain connections with the Anglo-American bloc, as well as to seek even closer ties with the United States. The most disastrous possible world development for India would be war; hence Nehru's efforts in July to localize the Korean struggle and to bring the United States and Russia to an understanding, for which he has been criticized by both. Blessed, to be sure, are the peacemakers, but hard is the road of neutrality!

The background for understanding India's present position appears in Mr. Rosinger's volume. It treats of the slight relations between India and the United States before World War II; the growing importance each came to have for the other during the war and the accelerating development of direct contacts then and since; India's economic problems and philosophy and the effect these have had upon its relations both with Britain and with us; the complications resulting from the dispute before the United Nations concerning Indonesia, Kashmir, and Hyderabad. In a final plea it urges that Americans try to view world affairs through Asian eyes as well as through their own. The discussion of these topics is documented by well-chosen data, carefully arranged. The book is the outcome of much study of source material, supplemented by what was obviously a profitable visit to India in 1949-50.

At this time, when the United States position in Asia is most delicate, and of first importance, this book can help Americans to realize how the leading country of Asia regards us. We need to know that, and to win India's support, if we are to construct a feasible policy for our future relations with the whole Asian continent.

W. NORMAN BROWN

An American Jew

IN SEARCH. An Autobiography by Meyer Levin. Horizon Press. $3.50.

THIS is a book about being a Jew," writes Meyer Levin at the outset. It is also a book about being an American writer, a young man growing up, and a sensitive human being in the caldron of the twentieth century. But essentially this tormented and moving autobiography deals with the business of being a modern Jew.

Since Moses, articulate Hebrews have described an experience always turbulent, sometimes triumphant, and usually endowed with a measure of suffering considerably in excess of the current human portion. But until recently the suffering had the saving grace of being comprehensible to the sufferer. It was the interest exacted for the possession of a peculiar treasure. Even the captious Israelite hungering for Egyptian fleshpots knew these to be fleshpots and honored grudgingly the national and religious destiny to which the prophet called him. In subsequent centuries persecuted Jews at least enjoyed the clarity of conscious martyrdom.

Since the dawn of nineteenth-century liberalism the free, skeptical Jew, emancipated politically from the ghetto and intellectually from the Covenant, has found himself periodically unprepared for each break in the liberal dike. He could no longer retreat to difficult ease in Zion and bid the heathen rage, since Zion, spiritual or terrestrial, was the last thing he wanted.

There is by now a fairly large literature dealing with the shock of discovery that even an assimilated Jew is hyphenated by his fellow-citizens, is not accepted as a 100 per cent German, Frenchman, or Dane. Jakob Wassermann's "My Life as German and Jew" is typical. In American letters Ludwig Lewisohn's "Upstream" is still the classic statement of the conflict precipitated by the realization that the romance between the Jew and his native land is "restricted."

Meyer Levin's "In Search" is not merely one more eloquent analysis of a well-probed dilemma. Levin did not emerge from a genteel, assimilated home to learn unwelcome truths. On the contrary, his dominant memory of

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childhood in a Chicago slum was one of "fear and shame at being a Jew." His autobiography describes his search for redemption from this shame. It is in a sense a hunt for the lost treasure, conducted in modern terms.

Disproportionately large sections of "In Search" are devoted to the author's personal rancors and justified grievances. Levin gives detailed and vitriolic accounts of the lack of dignity with which some Jews bear the affronts to which they are subjected, but there is never any danger of "In Search" degenerating into merely a more serious version of "Gentlemen's Agreement."

From the beginning Levin's pilgrimage is on a quite different plane. It leads him to the deepest sources of Jewish experience. He was among the first of the young American-born intellectuals to go to Palestine. Long before Hitler's advent Levin worked on a collective farm near Haifa; the experience formed the basis of his novel "Yehuda." And long before the rise of Israel made Zionism fashionable, he was personally involved in its struggles. It is therefore natural that he proved to be one of the most effective reporters of contemporary Jewish history from Dachau to Israel.

I know of no book which gives a more detailed and poignant account of the *Bricha*—the flight of the Jewish survivors to Palestine. Levin's story of his journey to make the picture "The Illegals" is not unworthy of its theme. The seizure of the ship by the British while Levin industriously filmed the encounter, the subterfuges by which the film was saved from the British military, a multitude of heroic and tragic episodes are described with a practiced journalist's skill. Despite an unpretentious, almost haphazard style, Levin succeeds in conveying the scope of the events that he describes. This unfailing sense of perspective constitutes the difference between journalism and history, whether of a man or of a period. By the time we reach Levin's conclusion that the early "shame" has been slowly "eradicated," primarily because of Israel, and that Levin's life as an American Jew has become simpler and better for the same reason, one feels that the explanation is superfluous. The reader has so actively participated in the author's search that the moral requires no pointing.

MARIE SYRKIN

Verse Chronicle

THERE is a certain amount of pretentiousness in "Mid-Century American Poets," edited by John Ciardi (Twayne, $4). "There is nothing wrong," writes Delmore Schwartz, who is one of those included, "in wanting to be known as a poet, but the desire to write good poems is more fruitful in the long run." And beyond the desire there has to be of course also the ability. Fifteen authors born between 1904 and 1921, all but two of them men, are included in this collection; I should hesitate to say that none fell into the first category indicated by Mr. Schwartz. The intention of the editor was that each contributor should preface a selection of poetry with a statement of personal writing principles. It is interesting to note that those who write the best poetry —Mr. Lowell and Miss Bishop do not count, for the latter has written too briefly and the former not at all, substituting a review of his work by Randall Jarrell, printed first in this magazine—those who write the best poetry also write the best prose; I refer to Messrs. Wilbur and Roethke. Messrs. Jarrell and Schwartz I find more entertaining in prose than in verse, and the worst poets write the most terribly sententious, exhibitionistic, and unreadable prose. These I shall not specify, for I shall not have time, a little later, to compose letters of rebuttal to the protests of their indignant neighbors.

Mr. Ciardi's general introduction—he writes a particular one for his own poems—is a curious mixture of sense and silliness, with a good deal of ambivalence as to exactly where he stands. Sometimes he is playing *l'homme moyen sensible*, sometimes the professor, sometimes attacking middle-class conceptions of what is poetry, sometimes, this much more unconsciously, lining up on the middle-class side. He can both strike off a neat aphorism and strike out blindly, swinging with his eyes shut, as in his attempt to define the baroque in writing. He is at his most amusing in his caricature of poesy as distinguished from poetry. Between poesy and poetry, however, is the large area of accomplished, literate, passable verse, recognizably and not too uncomfortably at home in the fashion of its time, mid-century or *fin de siècle;* and it is of such material that most of this collection consists. Nevertheless, an interesting book to study.

From San Francisco the Centaur Press, which appears to be a lively, enterprising, and not unimaginative outfit, sends two nicely printed paper-bound items—"Medieval Scenes," by Robert Duncan, and "The Ballad of Mad Jenny," by James Broughton, each priced at $1.25. Mr. Duncan's poems mention poets rather too often, but there is an imagination working here, an independence of conventionality, which reaches its high point in the brilliant and scary poem called The Mirror. Mr. Broughton's ballad is no such thing, really, not being cast in any recognizable ballad stanza and lacking the amount of narrative element one has learned to expect. It is rather an *apologia pro specie sua,* more than a little didactic, dogmatic almost, but it has the wit and gaiety, the bouncing exuberance one has seen in other work by this writer. Paper and printing are good, but the lavender-pinky color scheme, it seems to me, clashes a good deal with the spirit of the content.

"Barnyard Year," by Fred Lape, contains forty-five little bucolic poems illustrated with drawings by Aldren Watson (Harper, $2.50). Mr. Lape's verses hardly require in their defense the rather snooty remarks attributed to the author on the back jacket flap. They are simple, charming, deeply felt, and not without humor. I particularly commend Stable Lament, with its memorable first line, including the Anglo-Saxon monosyllable (verb here, sometimes noun or interjection), and the very graceful development of the theme, just the right touch. Sometimes, in being about animals, these poems also turn out to be about people.

"19 Million Elephants, and Other Poems," by Helen Bevington (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), are, on the other hand, urban and sophisticated. Miss Bevington can write, happily modern, about flying around in airplanes, and with equal felicity turns verses based on literature, preferably that of the eighteenth century. There are poems of landscape, summer people's way of looking at country nature, and poems of the writer's childhood, and some of this

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light verse is not so light as you think. In a collection of this kind Miss Bevington's art seems pleasanter, with more variety, grace, and wit, than when it pops up at you ubiquitously from the *New Yorker* or the Accent on Living department of the *Atlantic*—usually when you are hoping to see your own works. The occasional flat item, and there are such, is less conspicuous than when taken singly. Triolet for Clavichord, it seems, has not appeared in any magazine; surely there is space enough to quote a triolet—

Mistaken is all measurement
Save, lady, of the heart's maturing.
Forever of the lost event,
Mistaken is all measurement
To gage, by volume, passion spent;
By item, raptures unenduring.
Mistaken is all measurement,
Save, lady, of the heart's maturing.

From Canada the firm of McClelland and Stewart sends "The Red Heart," by James Reaney, priced $2.50. This is the third in a series called "Indian File," presenting the work of Canadian writers. Mr. Reaney has a young man's obsession with death and the macabre; his work, not without distinction, is very uneven, the section called The School Globe being much the best. This writer has a capacity for droll wit, a kind of tart or sometimes only sour flippancy which he has not yet quite brought under control; sometimes it turns into mere show-boat stunting, and sometimes it gets sick and tired of itself before it stops. The Great Lakes Suite is a case in point: the poem on Lake Superior is delightful, but the rest, except for the remarks on Lake St. Clair, lies as flat as those bodies of fresh water on a dead-still summer day. Mr. Reaney has too great a capacity for fantasy, irony, and also compassion not to learn, eventually, when he is not being funny.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Coming Soon in *The Nation*

"The Art of T. S. Eliot"
By Helen Gardner
Reviewed by Clement Greenberg

"Herman Melville"
By Newton Arvin
Reviewed by Morton D. Zabel

Answer to Who's Who? (Page 140): Nehru, Mao

Films

MANNY FARBER

THE unhappy fact is that movies are *worse* than ever. Against the menace of television and a dwindling box-office even the best directors and producers have over-reacted into artistic catatonia rather than expected conservatism. Val Lewton, only non-commercial B producer, has disappeared from the scene; folksy Nick Ray ("They Live by Night") is wholly confused by his efforts to be both slick and arty; iconoclast Sturges stereotyped a musical after Paramount butchered one film and Hughes another; Huston and Wyler have glossed their War II documentary style; Zoltan Korda ("Sahara") hasn't been heard from for several years; hard-bitten Wellman decided grime doesn't pay when he signed an M-G-M contract; and the wonders of Negulesco (after "Belinda") haven't materialized.

Hollywood's lost art—present-tense realism through low-budgeted, off-the-cuff, on-location technique—is timidly pursued by the religious pep talk "The Next Voice You Hear," Hollywood's suburban answer to "The Cocktail Party." In six transworld broadcasts God the Psychiatrist exhorts Joe Smith (James Whitmore) to count his blessings, straighten up and fly right, and above all control his temper about the house. Writer Charles Schnee seems to feel that suburban existence, sufficiently well-regulated, shouldn't necessitate any further interference by God. Any movie directed by Bill Wellman ("G. I. Joe," "Oxbow Incident") will be poetically masculine, with geometric groupings and uncluttered surface emphasizing actors' physicality, the screen dominated by American gesture, timed and obsessively watched so that the camera seems to ride freshly on top of movement. "Wild Bill" has become a very mild character since moving to M-G-M, judging from such usual Hollywoodisms as mousey wife Nancy Davis waking from kempt sleep with the languor and well-being of a mattress advertisement. Whitmore, genius for appropriating other actors' mannerisms, blends Bendix, Tracy, L. Barrymore, and George Murphy into a babyish Joe Smith; Miss Davis, an effortless disembodied wisp, gets through her role by osmosis.

While more ambitious directors produce the terrain-dull "Asphalt Jungle," studio landscapes of "Battleground," laundered suburbia of "The Next Voice," Ted Tetslaff finds a new textural way to see and hear nature, crawling up a Swiss mountain called "The White Tower." A simple mountain-climbing story that turns into a quest for reality, the movie flogs its stars with national neuroses which spoil their climbing, acting, and eventually the movie. The Nazi (Lloyd Bridges) postures like Superman and moves his limbs like a goosestepping soldier; the decadent Frenchman (Claude Rains) suddenly becomes a puddle of affected spinelessness; the aimless ex-G. I. (Glenn Ford) relaxes into inauthentic cat-naps. De-

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spite sleazy characterizations, the movie flows cinematically, particularly when studying climbing techniques, and best of all contains some affection for nature. In addition to a rather ordinary feeling for scenery, Tetslaff is gifted with a sculptor's touch that molds sounds, colors, surfaces into a tactile rather than visual wonderland, so that one feels the sting of snow, the rain-soaked heaviness of canvas, the luminous sponginess of color.

This month the only cinematic bop appears in the pugnacious "Crisis," which gleefully jazzes a thousand clichés while pondering whether a kidnapped Johns Hopkins surgeon will kill or cure a South American tyrant: will Hippocrates or Jefferson win the day? Overtrading on the possibility that a ruthless *caudillo* would support endless conversation with his captive, the script deteriorates into slow prolix exchanges always terminated with some self-righteous remark or grimace from the surgeon orating for democracy. But a blizzard of documentary touches, sprung by belligerent show-offs like Signe Hasso and wild direction bent on nastily punching up the melodrama, makes the movie better than comic opera. Some hackneyed images are improved by moving furiously in riot scenes, vulcanizing extras to hide their Hollywood faces, authenticating details like coach-car washrooms so that a credible poverty weighs on the studio production. A stock scene with elegant diners on a veranda is saved by a Rossellini-minded director who takes advantage of Paula Raymond's camera fright and affected mouth twitchings. Visual journalism like Grant's drawings of Ferrer's skull and his sensitive manipulation of a giggly-saw makes for the sharpest surgery on Hollywood celluloid. Ferrer's neat changes of Spanish intonation to fit different social situations reward the spectator for putting up with a strenuous actor who expresses evil by gnashing his Bugs Bunny teeth.

"The Duchess of Idaho" is a lacquered musical (stilted Cinderella story spiced with vaudeville acts and stock sports shots) that pays off some mysterious debt owed the Sun Valley resort by M-G-M. Saturated with water ballets that prove Esther Williams is still only a fair club swimmer with one trick—swivel-hipping her behind into the camera while effortlessly changing direction—the only curiosity is an anatomy-hating camera man who emphasizes Williams's bulk, Connie Haynes's stubbiness, Lena Horne's toothy mask, Eleanor Powell's Gibralter-solid thighs, and the seamstress's-dummy shape of Paula Raymond.

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE portions of T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" that Decca put on its two LP records are a delight to the ear as words written and spoken (spoken by members of the original New York cast), and for the most part (with the exception of the passages in the later scenes concerned with Celia) a delight to the mind with their insights and wit. Without the contexts provided by the actors' placing and movement on the stage and by the omitted portions of the play, and without the help that might have been provided on the record-jacket, what is recorded will mean more and give more pleasure to those who have seen the play or at least read it.

Franck's Symphonic Variations for for piano and orchestra—beautifully wrought, free of the pretentious bombast of Franck's larger-scale works, and in all one of his finest pieces—is on a Columbia LP record, played by Casadesus with the Philharmonia Orchestra under Weldon. Whatever it is in Casadesus that makes him play Mozart colorlessly also causes him to avoid the excesses of most pianists in the music of Chopin, which he plays with admirable simplicity and elegance; and to play with similar restraint (if also without Gieseking's sensitiveness in the old Columbia recorded performance) in this work of Franck, whose music is also much mauled about by performers. The orchestral part is also well played (Wood's orchestral accompaniment for Gieseking was very bad); and the performance is well reproduced. On the reverse side—presumably because Casadesus plays the piano part, which is not sufficient reason—is D'Indy's uninteresting Symphony on a French Mountain Air, played by Münch with the New York Philharmonic.

Those pretentious and bombastic large-scale works of composers like Franck and Brahms must at least not have their excesses made even more excessive in performance—must, that is, be played simply and straightforwardly, not with all the fussy and over-dramatic changes of pace that Furtwängler puts into the orchestral introduction of the first movement of Brahm's Violin Concerto, nor with Menuhin's mannered inflection of phrase in that movement, in the performance with the Lucerne Festival Orchestra issued by RCA Victor. Menuhin's tone in the first and last movements is coarsely inflated and sugary; but in the treacly slow movement his tone is firm and pure, his phrasing simple. The over-all sound from the 78 rpm records I heard is sharp, rumbly, not full; and in the first and last movements the soloist sounds farther away than the orchestra.

As for Tchaikovsky, the excesses attributed to his music are in reality imparted to it by the customary excesses of its performance—*e. g.*, by such extravagances of slow tempo as Von Karajan's in parts of the first movement and the middle section of the second movement of the "Pathétique," in the performance with the Vienna Philharmonic on a Columbia LP record.

On the other hand the surprise of

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Ruggiero Ricci's performance of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto with the New Symphony under Sargent, on a London LP record, is not its dazzling exhibition of violin virtuosity (including some changed figurations) but its treatment of the music—free and exuberant, but mostly within the limits of musical good taste. There are, as usual, some cuts.

The extravagances of tempo and nuance that Stokowski inflicts on Tchaikovsky he also inflicts on Debussy's Prelude to "L'Après-midi d'un faune," in the performance he recorded for RCA Victor with a Victor orchestra. A better Victor record offers the charming, though characteristically repetitious, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" of Delius, beautifully played by Beecham with his Royal Philharmonic.

For the sole reason, apparently, that all three are played by Jorda and the fine Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra—which again is not sufficient reason—London has put on one LP record Glinka's Overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla," a Danse Slave from Chabrier's "Le Roi malgré lui," and Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." The Glinka piece is rushed through, and there are a few bits of monkey-business with tempo in the Dukas; otherwise the performances are excellent.

Mercury has issued a good LP dubbing of its recording of Stravinsky's Dumbarton Oaks Concerto, made by Stravinsky and the Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orchestra. On the reverse side of the record (MG-10014) is a dubbing of the Telefunken recording of "Jeu de cartes" that he made with the Berlin Philharmonic. The dubbing previously issued by Capitol is a little better.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University.

W. NORMAN BROWN, professor of Sanskrit at the University of Pennsylvania, served during the war with the Office of Strategic Services.

MARIE SYRKIN is the author of "Blessed Is the Match. The Story of Jewish Resistance."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Patriotism in Bartlesville

Dear Sirs: Bartlesville, Oklahoma, a town of some 19,000 inhabitants, contains the home office of two oil companies, the Phillips Petroleum Company and the Cities Service Oil Company, and a large part of the working population is employed by one or the other. Politically, the people are predominately conservative, although the many young scientists and technicians working for the oil companies form the core of a substantial minority of liberals. So far as racial attitudes are concerned, the town is typically border-state.

For the last six months Bartlesville has been afflicted by a ruthless and devious campaign to suppress civil liberties, conducted by a so-called Citizens' Committee composed of a small segment of the local American Legion chapter, members of "Pro-America"—a Republican women's club—and members of the local chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The first target of this group was the local Y. W. C. A. Over a period of years that organization had put into effect a limited interracial program, which meant permitting the teen-age "Y" club of the segregated local Negro school to hold meetings in the Y. W. C. A. building on the same basis as the white girls' clubs, holding a monthly meeting of all officers of the teen-age clubs—including officers of the Negro club—and holding a yearly non-segregated meeting of all members of the "Y" teen clubs. The Citizens' Committee appeared before the Y. W. C. A. board of directors and demanded the discontinuance of this program and the discharge of the head of the administrative staff. The Y. W. C. A. board referred the matter to the membership, which then voted its approval of the established interracial program by a large majority. The Citizens' Committee is now attempting to impose its demands by means of pressure exerted by the local Community Chest, through which the Y. W. C. A.'s funds are received.

The next target was the City Library. Miss Ruth Brown, who has served the community efficiently as city librarian for thirty-five years, has long been active in local groups interested in securing civil and economic rights for Bartlesville's Negroes. The so-called Citizens' Committee appeared at a meeting of the City Commissioners to complain of Miss Brown's activities and of "subversive" literature in the library. The matter was referred to the Library Board, which met with the Citizens' Committee. At that meeting no complaint was made concerning the librarian, but three publications were alleged by the committee to be subversive—*The Nation*, the *New Republic*, and *Soviet Russia Today*. The ground of complaint against *The Nation* was its ban by the New York City Board of Education.

The Library Board drew up a report for the City Commissioners in which the inclusion on the periodical list of the three publications was defended, and this report was presented at an open meeting of the City Commissioners on March 6. That meeting was very close to a riot. Speakers in support of the Library Board's position were hissed, heckled, and charged with being Communists. The Mayor, who presided, was either unable or unwilling to preserve order. At its conclusion the Library Board was requested to investigate further and report back to the commissioners.

The Library Board then proceeded to make a thorough appraisal of the contents of the library's periodical and political and sociological sections, and a thorough investigation of the operation of the library. Its second report to the City Commissioners reaffirmed the propriety of the inclusion of *The Nation* and the *New Republic* on the periodical list by virtue of their appraisal in accordance with standards approved by the American Library Association, their inclusion in the subscription lists of other public and school libraries in this area, and their general character as reputable periodicals necessary to preserve a proper balance with respect to conflicting viewpoints in the light of other publications on the subscription list. *Soviet Russia Today*, which is published by the Friends of Soviet Russia and had been received by the library without charge, was removed from the shelves on the ground that it was of insufficient value, from the standpoints of interest and information, to justify

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occupation of the limited space available.

At the City Commissioners' meeting which received the Library Board's final report the Citizens' Committee also presented a report. It substance was: (1) that *Soviet Russia Today*, the *Negro Digest*, and *Consumers' Research* are subversive because they have been cited by the Tenney committee in California; (2) that *The Nation* and the *New Republic* are subversive because some issues carry advertisements for pornographic books and books published by publishing houses cited by the Tenney committee or the Un-American Activities Committee of the United States House of Representatives (a signed book review in one issue of *The Nation* discussed a book written by a homosexual, and the authors—including Carey McWilliams—of some articles in these publications have been cited by the Tenney or other investigating committees). The City Commissioners have not at any time discussed with the Library Board its report, the report of the Citizens' Committee, or the operation of the library.

In the meantime at least one of the town's oil companies has intervened. Employees of the Phillips Petroleum Company who had been vocal in support of the Library Board were instructed to be silent. Two employees who had been active in interracial activities in the community were transferred to other locations; one of these two was advised that his activities in this regard constituted the reason for his transfer.

Before this hubbub the Library Board had administered the City Library as an autonomous board appointed by the City Commissioners, under the provisions of a state statute. On June 15 the City Commissioners, purportedly under the authorization of the city's home-rule charter, enacted an ordinance placing the administration of the library under the control and direction of the commissioners, with an advisory Library Board. It is my opinion that this ordinance is illegal. The members of the old Library Board were relieved of responsibility, and a new board, consisting of representatives and supporters of the so-called Citizens' Committee, was appointed. On July 25 the services of Miss Brown were terminated by the City Commissioners. On July 31 *The Nation* and the *New Republic* were removed from the library shelves.

(Name Withheld Upon Request)
Bartlesville, Okla., August 2

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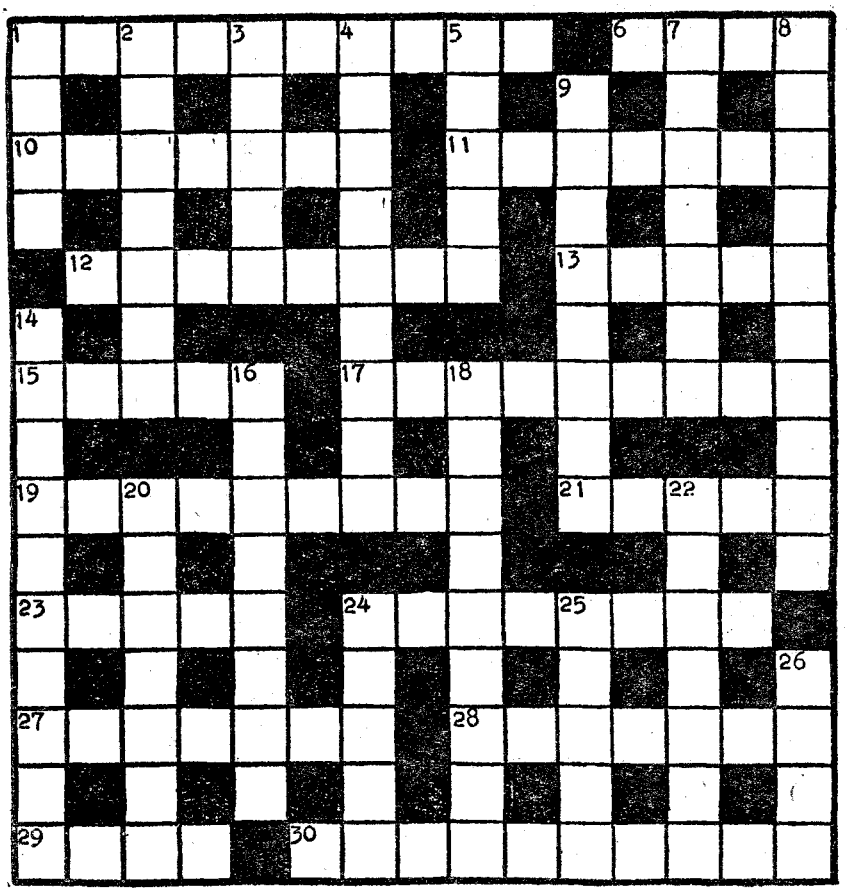
Crossword Puzzle No. 374

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Big stick in piano music. (5, 5)
6 and 18 down. At most you can get Og. (4, 3, 4, 2)
10 and 27. Literary biography, American and somewhat 11. (3, 4, 2, 5)
11 Made up into a visionary. (7)
12 Miles, perhaps, of verse. (8)
13 The girl's hidden hoard? (5)
15 Be suspicious if things don't. (3, 2)
17 Unessential. (9)
19 The price of spinach, of course. (6, 3)
21 Their wives were countesses. (5)
23 She had a perilous crossing. (5)
24 Othello comes back to meet his wife. (8)
27 See 10.
28 The art movement for Russian yes-men? (7)
29 Well, the evening comes back to us the same way! (4)
30 Antediluvian weather prediction, but illuminating. (10)

DOWN

1 William Henley didn't care how strait it was. (4)
2 One can't say it can't be helped. (7)
3 Condescend to hide ignition that has it. (5)
4 and 9. Allotted as three score years and ten? (3, 4, 2, 4, 4)
5 See 24 down.
7 Destructive. (7)
8 Cranium? (6, 4)
9 See 4.
14 Gunnar goes bad (like 22). (10)
16 What do you do on a donkey? Duck! (8)
18 See 6.
20 Saw the horse brought up and the porker penned in. (7)
22 To make this it takes grit—not bad! (7)
24 and 5. Indicative of kingly embarrassment? (5, 5)
25 This might be quite a poser. (5)
26 Must be Black's move! (4)

—✤—

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 373

ACROSS:—1 INDIGO BUNTING; 10 OCTET; 11 JACKSTRAW; 12 and 22 BEFORE THE FLOOD; 13 STAND; 14 DAMAGED GOODS; 19 TRANSITIVELY; 24 MUSTACHES; 25 EPICENTER; 26 INNER; 27 ONOMATOPOETIC.

DOWN:—1 NOTIFY; 3 INTERVALS; 4 OBJET D'ART; 5 UNCLE; 6 TESTS; 7 NARRATOR; 8 BOMBS; 9 SWEDISH; 15 EAVESDROP; 16 GALVANIZE; 17 STUFFED; 18 BACONIAN; 20 SHANSI; 21 USURY; 23 DREAM; 24 MOTET.

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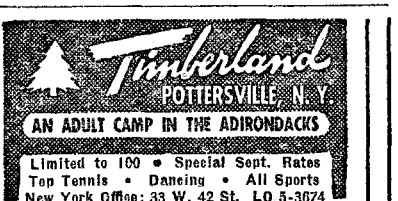
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